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VOL. 14. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1886. NO. 37.

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Poetry.

For the Monitor.

Christ is Born.

Back, roll back ye ages olden!
We that wondrous scene would view,
Which appears in sunlight golden,
To our hearts, as always new.
Time can write no cold, damp traces
On that scene of Royal Birth,
When with all His heav'nly graces,
Jesus came to dwell on earth.

See you plain, whereon are keeping
Shepherds now their watchful care;
'Tis the midnight, nature's sleeping,
Silence lulls the balmy air.
Suddenly, all glory-lighted,
Shines the starry dome on high,
And as shepherds start, affrighted,
Lo! angelic forms draw nigh.

Now they come still nearer, nearer,
Far around their splendor gleams;
And each face shines clear, and clearer
Glowing with celestial beams.
Harps of gold are tuned with gladness,
No'er were chords more sweetly strung;
Wake bound earth! put off thy sadness,
Hear thine own redemption sung!

O, that song! e'en now it thrills me,
As it falls on fancy's ear.
Joy, amazement, wonder fills me,
As I catch its words so dear:—
'Glory in the Highest! Glory!
Peace on earth! Good will to men!'
Ah! that song of ancient story,
Is as sweet to-day as then.

For, He who in Bethlehem's manger,
Lay upon a bed of hay,
He, who came to earth a stranger,
He, whose birth we hail to day,
Came forth from the Father's splendor,
Came with pardon, joy and peace,
And with love, most deep and tender,
Gave Himself for our release.

Crown our Jesus, Hosts of Heaven!
Hail Him, all ye sons of earth!
Honor, power, to Him be given,
Shout aloud His wondrous birth!
Let the nations now before Him
All their gifts most freely bring,
And with joyful acclaim, adore Him,
While the Christmas carols ring.

—SADIE O. PRINCE.

December, 1886.

In the Catacombs.

BY B. FRANK TAYLOR.

The Romans from the first century held their Saturnalia at the same time the Christians celebrated the Advent. The latter were driven to the Catacombs—at once the refuge and the tomb of these Roman Christian martyrs. While Rome was blazing with lights and the people gay with wine, the Christians were spending their holy feast by the light of torches in these damp caverns, out of which was taken the stone for the palaces along the Appian Way.

With myriad lights the streets are gay;
'Tis the chief feast of pagan Rome,
The Saturnalian holiday,
When revellers flock from tower and dome,
To pass the fleeing hours of night.
With song, and dance, and wild delight

In Nero's courts the nobles meet,
Where music breathes upon the air,
Where wine cups brim with nectar sweet,
While gleam the lamps o'er damsels fair,
And valiant knights, who ne'er did yield,
Though scarred on many a battle-field,

Each palace of the Appian way
Is decked with festal garlands bright,
Their banners in the night-wind sway,
And flutter gaily in the light;
For Saturn keeps, 'neath tower and dome,
His festival, in pagan Rome

Beneath, far, far beneath those domes,
'Mid darkness, dampness, chill and gloom,
Within the ghost-like Catacombs,
Alike their dwellings and their tomb,
The martyrs who on Christ believe
All darkly keep their 'Christmas Eve.'

They have no feast of goodly things,
No revel, song or dance, are there,
To them no gift the kind hand brings,
No messengers fair greetings bear.
Yet every heart keeps open door
For '*Jesus Homo Salvator.*'

Thus, eighteen hundred years ago,
Both Saturn's feast and Christ's were kept
By those in joy, by these in woe,
But in the grave they long have slept,
Those revellers 'neath Neat'e domes—
Those dwellers in the Catacombs.

Those myriad lamps have quenched their glare,
Those flickering torches, deep below,
No more along those dark walls flare;
Alike hath ceased each transient glow,
And those once lighted by their gleam,
Their life lamps long have ceased to beam.

And Saturn's feast no more returns,
His altar-flame hath vanished long,
But Christ's pure star forever burns,
Still swells aw'ry an hymn, his natal song,
And 'Glory be to God; good will
And peace on earth' is ringing still,

Oh, dwellers in yon living tombs!
For more than eighteen hundred years
Ye have been called from out their glooms,
From persecutions, sighs and tears,
To you sweet home, where Christmastide
Bides ever with 'the Crucified.'

Christmas Bells.

Christmas bells, Christmas bells,
Ring out softly through the snow.
While the angel hosts are singing,
Tidings of great gladness bringing
To the listening world below.

Christmas bells, Christmas bells,
Ring out through the frosty air!
Christmas stars are sweetly shining,
Christmas wreathes we're deftly twining—
Peace and joy reign everywhere!

Christmas bells, Christmas bells,
Ring out softly through the night,
For the dear ones sweetly sleeping,
Who are safe in God's dear keeping,
But are gone out from our sight!

Christmas bells, Christmas bells,
Would your chiming brought no pain,
But mid all earth's merry-making
There are hearts nigh unto breaking
That will ne'er grow glad again.

Christmas bells, Christmas bells,
Ring out softly through the snow!
Make each happy heart grow brighter
And each heavy heart grow lighter
In this world of ours below!

Select Literature.

Sergeant Meek's Christmas Supper.

BY E. P. ROE.

PART I.

It was late at night and Corporal Meek was very weary. He had been marching all day with a scouting detachment of cavalry and then had been detailed as one of the patrol who were to guard against surprise and attack at night. The bivouac was far beyond the union lines and every moment was one of insecurity. But the troops were veterans and had learned to take their chances with the *sang froid* which is the result of much and dangerous experience. Corporal Meek had accomplished patrol duty much in the same fashion that a wearied laborer completes his task, although he had known that any step might bring him in contact with a deadly foe. He had returned to the main body, fed his horse, and then had decided that the time taken from sleep in preparing a cup of coffee would be well spent. Therefore, with his canteen he had repaired to a small cottage but a short distance away. He was just about to let the bucket down into well when he was startled by a stifled scream in the adjacent dwelling. Drowsiness and all sense of weariness departed at once. Every sense was alert as he listened. Again he heard a woman's voice raised in an unmistakable cry for help. Dashing down his canteen he ran to the rear entrance of the cottage. The door was locked, but the shoulder of the trooper almost sent it off its hinges. As it swung inward he caught the glimpse of the figure of a man rushing out of the front door. By the time he reached his entrance the form had disappeared behind shrubbery in the darkness. The door of the living room was open, a fire burning on the hearth, and by its light he saw dimly the form of a sobbing woman.

'What is the matter, madam?' he asked, kindly.

'Oh, oh! who are you?'

'Well, I'm one who wouldn't harm a woman or let her be harmed. I heard a cry for help and I caught sight of a man tearing out of the front door, but I couldn't find him with the start he's had.'

'You—you wouldn't harm us?'

'Harm you! No; why should I? I come because I thought you needed protection—called for it, in fact. If I ain't needed—'

'Oh, please don't go—at least not yet, if you are an honest man. We've been so frightened, mother and I. I did call for help and God will bless you if you protect us.'

'Well, madam, from the way that fellow retreated he's a coward as well as a cur. I don't think you'll have any more trouble tonight. My name is Corporal John Meek, Company A, —— New York Cavalry. If I ever do anything that ain't on the square report me to my captain and if you say so I'll go and get a guard appointed over your house.'

'Couldn't—couldn't you be appointed?'

'I wouldn't be of much use, I'm afraid. I've been marching all day and out on patrol, and I'd go to sleep standing up.'

'How did you come to hear my call?'

'Well, I thought I'd have a cup of coffee before I rolled up in my blanket and I came to your well for a canteen of water. I'm afraid I broke your lock coming in, but I acted as I would like to have any man act who heard my women folks crying for help.'

'You acted the part of a true friend and I thank you from the bottom of my heart. The robber ran as soon as he heard you. —I have never seen your face, but something in your voice and plain words tells me we can trust you. Stay blazing with lights and the people gay with wine, the Christians were spending their holy feast by the light of torches in these damp caverns, out of which was taken the stone for the palaces along the Appian Way.

'Oh, well, if it will quiet your fears I don't mind staying a little while. I'm not good-looking, but I never harmed anybody yet except in fair fight. Shall I get some water from the well?'

'If you please,' and she handed him a pail.

He performed the task leisurely in order to give them time to recover from their panic and make a more complete toilet if there was need. A voice soon called, 'Please hurry. We're afraid to be alone.'

Filling up the pail and his canteen, he hastened in, and by the light of the lamp found that the shadowy outline of the woman to whom he had been speaking was a black-eyed, pretty girl of eighteen or twenty, and that her trembling mother was now seated in a rocking chair by the hearth. A sudden confusion overwhelmed the brave trooper, for he had often been laughed at as the most bashful man in the regiment. 'John Meek will never marry a woman, but some woman may marry him,' was a common saying in his native village and among his comrades. As long as he was speaking to a personal female of indefinite age, who merely represented the sex in distress, he had no embarrassment, but this pretty young girl, who looked at him with tearful appealing eyes, was more formidable than Mosby's guerrillas.

'Hush!—hush! I better send you a guard?' he stammered.

The lightning is not so quick as a woman's intuitions in some matters, and little Sally Manning saw instantly that the great tawny-bearded man was afraid of her. She took heart at once in a delicious sense of security, for she had heard that men who are afraid of a woman seldom fear anything else. She felt that she would rather have this man on guard asleep than any of his comrades awake. Her one fear now was that he would escape; so she said positively:

'You can't go till you have had your coffee. You talk to mother and quiet her fears while I make it.'

'We uns is greatly beholden ter ye,' quavered the old woman.

'Oh, its nothing more than any decent man could do. I've got folks at home, you know, and if any scamp was prowling round I'd like them protected. I'd been tempted to put a bullet through that feller if I'd had a chance.'

At this moment Sally, who had come to the hearth to place the coffee over the coals, turned on him a look of such bright, smiling approval that he was thrown into the utmost confusion and began to mop the perspiration that suddenly broke out upon his brow,

'I don't wonder you are hot with indignation, Corporal Meek,' she said, with a twinkle in her black eyes. 'I wish there were more men like you in the army. I feel that we need have no more fears, mother. So cheer up and talk to our friend while I get something to go with the coffee.'

The old woman rallied from her panic rapidly and became correspondingly garrulous.

'Well, it's the Lord's marcy you was near,' she began. 'We uns are only two lone women in the house, and that oughter be been perfection enough. Ter think of his lyin' meanness. He come and say that his captain wanted some matches, and when Sally opened the door ter give em' he scronged right in and was goin' ter take what little the wah has left us. Do yer believe his captain sent fer matches?'

'No, indeed. He was a brimstone sort of a feller and that suggested the lie.'

'Well, thank the Lord you was nigh. Sally's a good girl and I wouldn't have her harmed fer all Ameriky. She's got a heep of larnin' for one in our parts and station. It was allus school and books with her, but she don't put on any airs with her old mammy. Her father and brother is off fighting you uns, and I reckon our chances of seein' 'em again grows slimmer with every scrimmage. Oh, Lor', what dreful times these are for lone women!'

'Well, now you must learn a bit from us soldiers. When we are through with one fight we don't worry about the next. You've come off to-night as sound as a dollar. He didn't carry off anything, did he? No? Well, that's good. Your men folks are probably sleeping like babies. Look on the bright side, Mrs. Manning.'

But the poor woman seemed to find comfort in the lugubrious, and rambled on, interspersing family history with details of their misfortune. They were small farmers, but since the natural cultivators of the soil had enlisted, weeds had taken the place of crops in the fields, their few slaves had disappeared, and now their whole dependence was a small garden, two or three cows and some chickens and pigs. The mother's dismal lamentations over the sad changes were unceasing.

'Do you think I look like a farmer?' Sally asked, smilingly confronting him.

He stole a glance at her pretty face, and as quickly looked back at the glowing coals on the hearth. 'Can't say you do,' he stammered. 'In fact I'd as soon take you for a trooper.'

At this conceit the girl's laugh rang out merrily.

'She's the uncommonest gal I ever herd on,,, resumed her mother. 'She actoually does the work the niggers did, milks the cows, and the critters take to her so that they come at her call. She feeds the pigs and chickens, and spades and hoes the garden. She's a raisin' a right smart lot o' sass this summer, yet she makes time ter read her book. That's what beats me most of all.'

'Don't you think a book's good company, corporal—when you haven't better? I don't want to read now.'

'I wish I was good company for a fine brave girl like you,' he blurted out, half desperately. 'I've never seen you before, and may never again, but I know you're a good girl, as your mother says. Why the mischief I must feel and act like a fool at such times I can't tell. I've thought about it for years, and I've resolved over and over again that I'd throw overboard such confounded foolishness. I'm in a sort of reckless mood to-night, now that I've waked up, and I'm going to speak out. I shan't brag any about my courage, but if there was a chance you'd see that I wasn't behind the others. Why must I become a timid, awkward booby the moment a nice girl appears? We're strangers, and I'm a Yankee, and of no account to you in any way. But suppose you lived in our village, why in thunder couldn't I go to see you and talk to you and keep company with you without being dumb as an oyster, and laughed at and cut out by any young whippersnapper in town.'

'Corporal, your coffee is getting cold,' Sally suggested, her eyes full of mirth.

'There, you are laughing at me now. I make a fool of myself when I do talk just as much as when I don't. I'd better go and send you a guard. I'm too confoundedly mad with myself to swallow a drop. It would choke me,' and he rose and was about to break away.

Sally stood in the door and shook her head, but her face was becoming serious now, for she saw that he was in an inward rage at his infirmity.

'Corporal Meek,' she began, gravely, 'you have said we were strangers and may never meet again. This is true; yet you have done me a great kindness—one of the greatest that a man can do for a woman,' she faltered, in a low voice, a deep crimson suffusing her face. 'If you knew how kindly I feel—how grateful I am, you wouldn't be so hasty to rush off. Think of me now as a frank honest Southern girl, that you don't care a copper about and whom you've befriended as you would any woman. Sit down now and drink your coffee. I'll be as sincere with you as one of your own comrades. I'll talk to you and you needn't talk to me. Before you are through your supper I reckon there'll be one girl that you'll not be afraid of. You'll hurt my feelings if you don't,' she added, appealingly.

'Well, I'm in for it,' gasped the Corporal. 'This beats all the adventures I've had in Virginia, and I've been inside of your lines in disguises that might have caused me to hang.'

'Oh, you're not afraid of a man, or a hundred of 'em—that's plain enough,' said the girl, sitting down socially opposite him. 'You tell me, who are your folks at home?'

'Why, mother and sister Jenny. She's older than I, and I suppose you'd call her an old maid.'

'And you are afraid of them?'

'Of course not.'

'Why, of course not?'

'Oh, well, they're my folks. I'm used to 'em, and we love each other. Perhaps they kept me a little too close when I was a boy, and I got into shy ways and can't get over 'em'

'Not a bit of it. I don't know anything about your Northern girls, but I've seen enough and read enough not to fancy these glib fellows who can say more to a woman in five minutes than they'd make good in a year. Now, I believe that before you'd let any harm come to mother or me tonight, you'd fight a regiment.'

'That's nothing. I could pick you out a hundred fellows over there that would do as much. You must not judge our men by that fellow that came the night.'

'Another proof of a good, honest nature. You think well of others. I haven't quite as much faith in that detachment over there.'

'Well, you must stop making me out a saint or I'll cut stick sure.'

'See here, Corporal Meek, I'm in a mood to-night, too. These times and our situation don't permit any beating round the bush. Circumstances, in spite of our own prompt, manly action, has placed us under your protection, and you've got to protect us till morning. I won't have any other strange Yankee coming over here to-night. You can bring your blankets and I'll put a mattress out in the hallway there. I don't care any more about your being bashful than if you squinted in one eye or had some other little natural defect. What difference does such a trifle make to us? We're afraid and unprotected, and we've had proof enough that we don't fear without cause. Now, you've got to do by us as you would wish a straightforward, honest man to act toward your mother and sister in like circumstances. So you see you are fairly caught and can no more leave us than you could run away if attacked.'

'But I ought to be with my company,' said the corporal, dubiously.

'Mother and I are going to sit up We had no thought of sleep before you came, and I'll be on the watch anyway. If there's the least sound of alarm I'll waken you.'

'Well, since you've put it in that way about my folks, I see I can't leave you.'

'Of course you can't. I know you well enough for that. Now just make yourself at home and think we're your folks for the time being. Ha, ha, isn't that a good joke, imagine ourselves Yankees.'

'Well, well,' interposed the mother, 'if all Yankees were like Corporal Meek, we wouldn't be so hot for fighting 'em.'

'I never had a chance to talk to an out and out Yankee before,' resumed the girl, 'and I've got a string of questions to ask. This is better than reading a book about the North,' and she plied her guest with queries in such a natural, off-hand way that he soon found himself conversing at his ease. He was an intelligent thoughtful fellow, and, like herself, had read much for one in his station. If she had been guilty of little feminine airs and affectations he would have become embarrassed and tongue-tied at once, but she had the tact to keep him on ground of which he was assured, and to fire her questions point blank, without reminding him by little mannerisms that she was a pretty creature of the opposite sex.

At last his eyes began to grow heavy, and nature, in spite of the novelty of his experience, to assert her rights. Sally took the hint instantly and laughingly said as she rose: 'I thought you were afraid of girls and couldn't talk to them. You've talked splendidly for half an hour and I could listen for hours longer.'

The corporal, suddenly reminded of his weakness looked blank for a moment and was scarcely able to account for his unwonted good behavior. 'I rather guess you ain't like most girls,' he said. 'I wish you and your mother lived in our town and I had a furlough. I'd venture to try my luck again.'

Sally laughed outright as she replied: 'I don't think you'd have any worse luck if we did. Now, get your blankets and by the time you're back I'll have a mattress and pillow out in the hall. Mother and I were sitting up when you came and we are going to sit by the fire till morning.'

'No, I won't go back. I might be questioned and kept. I don't need a blanket. The mattress'll be luxurious for me. Now I must depend on you to waken me at the least sound and at the first streak of light.'

All was arranged in a few moments, and then Sally gave him her hand as she asked with an arch look: 'Isn't there one girl that you're not afraid of?'

'I only wish you were a good Yankee and lived in our town,' was the laughing reply. 'Good night.' Five minutes later his repose was audible beyond the closed door.

'If the Yankees are all like him, mother, what fools we are for fighting 'em!' was the girl's comment as she sat down to her vigils.

Hours passed, her mother dozed in her chair, but the girl's eyes, bent upon the flickering blaze, were bright and thoughtful. Who could know all the fancies that flitten through her mind during her watch'

Suddenly she started to her feet. Something like a distant shot caught her ear. She ran to the window, drew aside the curtain and saw the faint presage of dawn. At that instant two other reports of firearms were unmistakable. A second later she had unfastened the door and her hand was on the shoulder of the sleeper.

'Corporal—Corporal Meek, awake. It's light, and I hear shots.'

The soldier was on his feet instantly.

'My being here to-night is our secret,' he said, and after a brief grasp that nearly crushed her hand, he was off like a deer through the grove which adjoined his company's bivouac. Sally watched him with a quick beating heart, believing now that there would be a fight about her very door. A moment later the bugle called 'Boots and Saddles,' awakening echoes on every side in the still morning.

In the confusion and excitement it was not noted whence the corporal came and he had his horse ready as soon as the rest. Every moment or two the shrill bugle gave an order and there was the heavy trampling of steeds as the men fell into their places.

Hearing the noise of swiftly running horses coming up the road, Sally went to the front door and saw the Union patrol dash by. Close upon their heels was the sound of a body of cavalry riding at a gallop. Again the bugle in the adjacent piece of woods rang out decisively in repeated orders. A part of the men dismounted and their horses were led to the rear. Another detachment moved off to the right. Then Sally saw across the hazy grove a troop of gray, shadowy forms sweeping by, and there was a steely gleam of what appeared innumerable sabres in the dawn. The road was full of rushing steeds as far downward as the eye could see, and her Southern blood grew hot in proud exultation at their impetuous advance Then, in sudden revulsion, came poignant regret at the probable fate of her recent protector.

But events moved with such marvellous celerity that she had little time for thoughts of any kind. From the gloom of the woods hundreds of flashes leaped out, and the quick reports of Sharp's repeating carbines grew almost deafening. Soon horses came careering back riderless. The swift onset was checked, for no surprise had been effected. Then for a time came a stubborn fight, the Confederates slowly driving the dismounted troopers before them.

The road in front of Sally's home was still full of men in gray, and they now began to tear down a rail fence and deploy into the adjacent field with the purpose of getting around on the Union forces' flank. While this manœuver was being executed there burst from the woods a column in blue in a headlong charge. The Confederates were taken at a disadvantage, receiving a flank attack themselves instead of delivering one They fought bravely, as was their custom, but were steadily pressed back. The firing in the grove grew nearer and more rapid.

The rebel commander saw that he had failed in his purpose, and, being an officer of discretion as well as of courage, ordered 'Retreat' to be sounded. His men in the field were directed to hold the enemy in check until those in advance had time to retire. Success in attack and safety in retreat in the cavalry arm of the service usually depend on celerity of movement, and the men in gray were soon returning as swiftly as they had come Meanwhile, the fight in the field was raging furiously.

As bullets began to fly unpleasantly near, Sally had gone within, but she could not keep her fascinated eyes from the window. She was a courageous girl and would have been with her brother had she been a man. She soon saw that the Confederates in the field were breaking and streaming into the road. Then followed a brief melee of hand-to-hand conflicts, and she caught a glimpse, among the struggling forms, of Corporal Meek clashing sabers with and pressing back a tall, powerful Southerner. The corporal had almost reached the road when suddenly he fell over backward from his horse. She wrung her hands at the apparent death of the man who had befriended her, and cried, 'Oh, mother, mother, he's killed.'

But the poor old woman was paralyzed with terror and had covered herself up in bed at the beginning of the fight.

The tragic scenes without passed like a dream. The Union colonel did not press his suit very far, for he had wounded men to care for and a long march before he could reach the Federal lines. He knew he must save his horses and prepare for further contingencies. Almost before Sally realized the truth, comrades had carried Corporal Meek into the house and laid him on the mattress where he had slept during the latter part of the night. He was unconscious and a surgeon was soon in attendance. From the solicitude shown by his comrades and his officer it was evident that the corporal was a favorite. The injury, however, was not thought to be fatal. A bullet had grazed his head, inflicting a scalp wound and a very severe shock.

Sally hustled round and got breakfast and she asked the soldier who remained in care of the corporal to partake of it. He accepted very promptly and soon proved that his characteristics were quite distinct from those of his wounded friend. Good-hearted but lively, careless and of boundless assurance with the sex, he soon became very frank in his admiration of his hostess. She, however, was too solicitous about the condition of the unconscious corporal, and the wounds of three or four Confederates, of whom she had assumed the care, to pay much heed to the gallant cavalryman. An hour or two later the corporal was lifted into an ambulance and the girl involuntarily heaved a deep sigh as she saw him driven away.

(To be concluded in our next.)

—A lady who evidently had difficulty in securing a servant to suit her ideas advertises in Boston as follows: "If there is any American girl in the United States who is willing to do general housework in the country, in a quiet town where there is no excitement, in a small family with no children, who will attend to her own business and not the neighbors', and will not expect another girl to wait on her, she will be treated well, have a good home and receive fair pay; state wages wanted."

Schr. Ivica,

Capt. Longmire.

This well known packet schooner will commence running on her regular trips between

Bridgetown & St. John

about March 20th. All freight carefully handled.

LIME

will be kept constantly on hand and for sale. Apply on board or at residence of subscriber

JOHN LONGMIRE.

Bridgetown, March 9th '86. 48tf.

—It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty founder was a child himself.—*Dickens.*

Small feet before the dawn of day.
Are marching to and fro;
Drums beat to arms through all the house,
And penny trumpets blow
And to brave old Santa Claus
A health to brave old Santa Claus
And to his reindeer bold,
Whose hoofs are shod with elder down,
Whose horns are tipped with gold!

—The church bells of innumerable sects are all chimes to-day, ringing in sweet accordance throughout many lands and awakening a great joy in the hearts of our common humanity.—*Chapin.*

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

—*Longfellow—Flower de Luce.*

—Christmas is the only holiday of the year that brings the whole human family into common communion.—*Dickens.*

—I have always thought of Christmas time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time.—*Dickens.*

—A young friend asked me once to show him some elephants in undress, writes the foreign correspondent of a contemporary, and I took him along with me, having first borrowed an apron and filled it with oranges. This he was to carry while accompanying me in the stable, but the moment we reached the door the herd set up such a trumpeting—they had scented the fruit—that he dropped the apron and its contents and scuttled off like a scared rabbit. There were eight elephants, and when I picked up the oranges I found I had twenty-five. I walked deliberately along the line giving one to each. When I got to the extremity of the narrow stable I turned and was about to begin the distribution again, when I suddenly reflected that if elephant No. 7 in the row saw me give two oranges in succession to No. 8, he might imagine he was being cheated, and give me a smack with his proboscis,—that is where the elephant falls short of the human being,—so I went of the door and began de novo as before. Thrice I went along the line and then I was in a fix. I had one orange left and I had to get back of the door. Every elephant in the herd had his greedy gaze focused on that orange. It was as much as my life was worth to give it to one of them. What was I to do? I held it up conspicuously, coolly peeled it, and sucked it myself. It was most amusing to notice the way those elephants nudged each other and shook their ponderous sides. They thoroughly entered into the humor of the thing.

RECENT SALE OF GUINNESS BREWERY.—The Guinness Brewery in Dublin, has recently been converted into a stock company. While the colossal size of the business is notorious, few would realize the amount of money that would be put into the stock of the new company. The subscriptions for stock were received by Baring Bros. The scene at their office is described as little short of a riot. Men literally fought to get near the counter. Prospectuses sold freely at half a crown and three shillings apiece. The stock was divided into three classes—ordinary, preferred, and debenture—the premiums on which at this sale ranged from 67 down to 18 per cent. The capitalization had been fixed at £6,000,000. On this sale the market value rose to £8,610,000, or about $40,000,000. The actual value of the stock and fixtures, beer on hand, manufacturing plant, and real estate was estimated at £2,500,000 showing a public estimation of the value of the "good will" at over £6,000,000, or nearly $30,000,000. It is said that over one hundred millions of pounds sterling of capital were offered to Baring Bros. The last statement, however, is pronounced as open to doubt.—*Scientific American.*

A NEW TEMPERANCE THESE.—Mr. C. S. Mosher, of the State Temperance Alliance, spoke at Hoy's Tabernacle yesterday afternoon. He quoted from the *Fortnightly Review* to show the enormous increase of beer and brandy-drinking in France, and that alcoholic mortality had increased in that country five-fold in the last twenty years, and that in Germany they drank four times more beer and three times more brandy *per capita* than they did in France. Drunkenness in both countries is on the increase. He charged that the enormous infantile mortality, pleuro-pneumonia in cattle and trichinæ in hogs had its origin in and was wholly due to the hot slop of the distilleries and the half rotted grain from the breweries fed to cattle and hogs, poisoning the milk, killing the children and compelling European countries to forbid the importation of American pork. While the government tried to stamp out the disease by the slaughter of thousands of cattle, it perpetuated the cause by its partnership in these grain-rotting establishments.

—The manufacture of EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE is another stride toward the mastery of the dread disease Consumption, and in fine all wasting diseases. Don't waste your time using trashy preparation. Try Eagar's Phospholeine. For sale by druggists.

—A number of the geological survey staff engaged in investigating the coal deposits in the Saskatchewan region, say that the coal supply in the Northwest is absolutely inexhaustible. The whole district lying between the Rocky Mountain House and Fort Pitt is one vast series of coal beds, both hard and soft, of the best quality.

—The recipe of Seavey's East India Liniment was obtained from a native of India. It excels all other liniments and pain-killers for the relief and cure of internal and external pain. Sold by dealers and druggists.

—The first essential for a cheerful room is sunshine. Without this, money, labor, taste, are all thrown away. A dark room cannot be cheerful; and it is unwholesome as it is gloomy. Flowers will not blossom in it, neither will people. Nobody knows or ever will know, how many men and women have been killed by dark rooms.'

Nightmare,

sick-headache, depression of spirits, and want of ambition are symptoms of a diseased liver. The lungs, stomach, and bowels are all in sympathy. Life is only a living death. Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' acts upon the torpid liver, and effectually removes all these difficulties and disorders. Nervous feelings, gloomy forebodings, and irritability of temper all disappear.

—The English universities, says Sir